

HORTICULTURAL BUILDING, PANAMA-PACIFIC INTERNATIONAL EXPOSITION.

ONE of the most notable buildings at the Panama-Pacific International Exposition at San Francisco in 1915 will be the great Palace of Horticulture, constructed of glass, covering over five acres, or two city squares in extent, and surrounded by a dome 150 feet high. The Palace of Horticulture will be set in a great tropical garden near the main entrance to the exposition grounds. It will be 672 feet long and its greatest width will be 320 feet. An impressive nave eighty feet high will run the length of the building and paralleling the central nave on either side will be two side aisles fifty feet in height. At the main entrance to the building a huge arch will be adorned with classic bas-reliefs suggestive of the purpose of the structure. The entrance and interior of the Palace of Horticulture will be decorated with trellises upon which flowering vines will be trained. When the exposition opens the Horticultural Palace will appear as if set in the heart of a marvelous garden. Although wood will be used in connection with glass the Palace of Horticulture will be in every sense a glass palace; it will be the largest glass structure ever built. During the night illuminations at the exposition the vast surface of the building will present unusual and beautiful reflections.

MISS VERE'S VACATION

And the Sort of Husband She Selected.

By BELLE MANIATES.

"Girls, Vere says she is going to the country for a rest!" Helen poked her paint brush reflectively in mid-air, while Margaret stopped in the act of squeezing a depleted tube of vermilion. "I am of the opinion," resumed Constance, "that she is not fleeing the confines of art, but from Cary Warborough."

"Poor Cary!" sighed Helen. "No!" protested Constance. "Poor Vere! She lacks the courage to come out resolutely and tell him she'll have none of him."

"I think," said Margaret thoughtfully, "that secretly Vere cares for him."

"It's not," quoted Helen, "that she loves Cary less, but art more. She—" Further discussion was postponed by the entrance of the subject of their remarks, a charming young girl with golden hair and a dream-centered face.

"I am going away to the country," she announced.

"Where?" asked Helen succinctly.

"To a farm near Chester, a little town up state, but," she hurriedly added, "don't tell any one. You see I don't want to receive letters even. I want a complete rest."

The girls maintained a gravity of countenance in spite of the ludicrous idea of Vere's needing a rest.

"Nora Lynn told me about the place, the Locke farm, with a big, comfortable farmhouse. She stayed there last summer. She said there was nothing to do there but rest."

"You will soon tire of it," prophesied Helen.

"Maybe," suggested Margaret, "you will meet your fate—in a cornfield—and settle down to a life of rural domesticity."

"If I were going to marry," maintained Vere, "I should choose a poor man—a farmer, maybe. Then I could still pursue my art. A rich man would expect me to enter upon a life of social duties."

"You ought to give Gary a hint of the way you feel. I think he would be willing to forego his millions for the sake of winning you."

Vere looked annoyed, and bade them an abrupt adieu.

The three artists missed their



"I Am Going to the Country."

young companion during the next few weeks. Unlike them she made frequent incursions into a gay life, and brought an occasional flash of color into the drab of their life. So when she returned suddenly and unannounced one day, she received a heartfelt welcome.

"You are certainly rested," commented Margaret, looking searchingly into the glowing young face.

"Oh, girls! I have had such a lovely time. The scenery was beautiful—oh, the woods in autumn!"

"Did you paint anything?" asked Helen.

"No," she hesitated. "Margaret," she resumed, turning to the most sympathetic of the three, "I did just what you prophesied. I lost my heart—or found it—and in a cornfield! And I am going to be married. He says I may have a studio in our house and paint all I like."

Brushes and palettes were excitedly laid aside.

"Tell us all about it! Is he a farmer? Was it love at first sight?"

"For two weeks I revelled, idling out of doors, and the farm was an immense one—not a neighbor within four miles. In all these weeks of doing nothing I saw no one but Farmer Locke, his wife and their son, a lad of ten, and the help."

"Then," exclaimed Constance, "unless your swain is the 'hired help' you have known him only a week!"

"One beautiful day," continued Vere, ignoring the comment, "I went out with Tommy Locke to have luncheon in the woods. Mrs. Locke put up a basket of good things, but Tommy proposed building a fire and roasting corn. I went forth to forage in the fields and left Tommy collecting brushwood."

"I went through fertile acres until I came to a field of waving corn. The symmetrical rows of sturdy stalks made shaded little avenues, and in the fun of walking down them

I forgot what I had come for until I heard a rustling and the sound of the stripping of the husks.

"In the fourth row from me I saw another invader—a man—standing, tall and straight. I turned and fled."

"What, from a man?" cried Constance, incredulous.

"He might have been the owner of the field, and I would have been caught red-handed. I hurried back to Tommy, who scoffed at my fears, and we traded jobs. I wasn't much of a success as a fire-builder. While I was poking away, I heard a deep voice behind me say: 'That is a man's province, you know. Give me the stick.'"

"I turned and saw the big, broad-shouldered man of the cornfield. He was clad roughly, but his voice and manners were gentlemanly. He explained that he had caught Tommy foraging in his field, and the lad had told him he was getting corn for his pal, who was back in the woods. He came in search of me, supposing I must be Tommy's boy companion. He had sent Tommy up to his house (he has a housekeeper or a tenant or something) for some salt and butter."

"He built a roaring fire, and we set the table in the woods, and when Tommy returned we roasted the corn and had a jolly luncheon. Then we all went home, and then—"

"Well, what then—did he propose on the way home in spite of Tommy's presence?"

"No; there followed a week of beautiful walks through the woods, moonlight rides on the river, and oh, well, I told him last night I would marry him! I came home today to tell you all."

"Vere," remonstrated Margaret, "you can't tell about a man in a week!"

"Wait until you see him before you pass judgment," replied Vere. "He is coming to meet you all in a few minutes."

So the girls suspended sentence. Presently there was a ring at the studio door, which Constance opened to Cary Warborough.

"How will she ever break the news to him?" gasped Helen.

Instead of breaking the news, Vere flew to his arms.

"Vere," remonstrated Constance presently, "you said you met him in a corn field."

"So I did. Until I saw him there so unexpectedly I didn't know I loved him. And that was why I fled."

"But," persisted Constance, "you said he was a farmer, and that he had a farmhouse and housekeeper."

"So he has. He owns the farm and rents it to Farmer Locke. He came down for a bit of shooting."

"I'll wager," thought Margaret, "that Nora Lynne told him Vere was there."

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AHEAD IN ONE PARTICULAR

United States Makes the Best School Showing of Any Country in the World.

The United States leads in the percentage of population enrolled in schools. Switzerland follows, the figures being 19.7 and 18.6 respectively. But we, along with Germany and the rest, are left far behind in other particulars. The little republic in the Alps boasts 178 university students per 10,000 population to 81 in France, 77 in Italy and 20 in this country. It should be pointed out, however, that in a little country like Switzerland, with several important universities, the presence of foreign students counts for much more than elsewhere.

We are accustomed to think that, while we haven't yet produced many classics, we print—and read—more newspapers than any other nation, and it seems to be true that in absolute totals of issues of periodicals we surpass them all, our 21,320 a year being more than twice the 9,877 of France, our nearest rival. But in number of newspapers per million of population, our 260 is outdone by the 275 of Switzerland and almost equaled by the 251 of France. Our showing in books published per 100,000 population is pitiful or fortunate according to one's way of looking at the modern flood of literature. Denmark, with 135, and Switzerland, with 116, are at the top of the list, while the United States, with ten, and Russia, with six, are at the bottom. The surprising thing is that Germany is at the head in none of these categories.—Open Court.

Better Idea.

Orville Wright was recently prevailed on to try a new revolving motor of the Gnome type, the invention of a San Franciscan.

Mr. Wright put the new motor on an old biplane and gave it a fair trial. It continually stalled, however, and so he told the inventor that he was afraid it wouldn't do.

But the inventor read him a long lecture on the various methods of preventing stalling, concluding with the admonition:

"You want to put a little cleverness in your work, sir."

"Humph," the aviator retorted. "Why didn't you put the cleverness in your engine?"

His Mistake.

"Did the story he made up to tell his wife pan out all right?"

"Nope, it was a complete failure."

"It sounded good to me."

"Yes, but he invented it when he was sober, and when he got home and started to try it out he found there were so many big words in it that no man in his condition could pronounce that he had to give it up. His next effort will be in words of one syllable."

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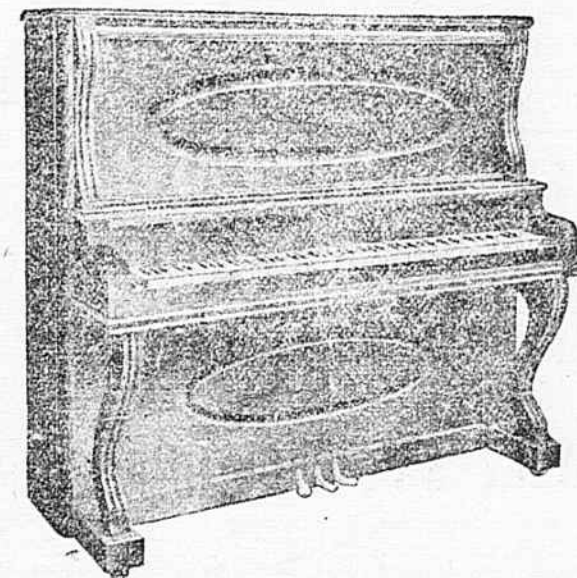
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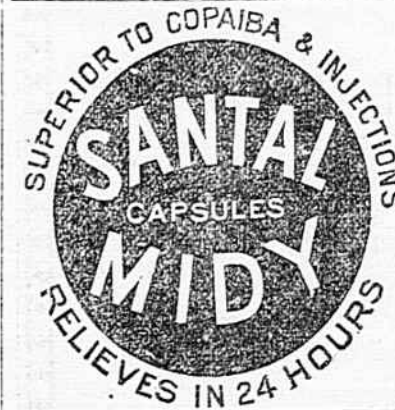
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I wish to nominate as a candidate in your piano contest.

I understand this is merely a nomination, not a vote, and does not oblige me in any way.

Name

Date Address



One negro coke puller is dead, two other negroes wounded and S. Crick, a white miner, shot through the knee at Coalmont, Tenn., seven miles north of Tracy City, according to information received yesterday at Nashville, Tenn. The casualties occurred during a clash between whites and blacks near the commissary of the Sewanee Fuel and Coke Company late Saturday. The trouble followed the arrest and fining of seven negroes for gambling. Sheriff Shrum and a posse of deputies have the situation in hand.

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Sultana	10c	1.15		Rel	14c	1.00	
No. 3 3 for	25c	95c		Sultana	12 1-2c	1.45	
Iona No. 2	7c	80c		Iona	10c	1.10	
Strained	5c	.55c		1913	7c	80c	

SPINACH				SUCCOTASH			
	Can.	doz			Can.	doz	
A & P	12 1-2c	1.45		A & P	12 1-2c	1.45	
Iona	10c	1.15		Iona	3 for 25c	95c	

CORN				BEANS			
From Maine, Indiana and N. Y State				From Michigan, Pennsylvania			
	Can.	doz			Can.	doz	
A & P	10c	1.15		A & P Stringless	14c	1.65	
Sultana	3 for 25c	95c		Sul. Cut	3 for 25c	95c	
Iona	4 for 25c	70c		Golden Wax	3 for 25c	95c	
				Red Kidneys	3 for 25c	95c	

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	Can.	doz			Can.	doz	
El Primero	24c	2.75		A & P	12 1-2c	1.45	
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